

The Bismarck Tribune.

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PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

THE NEEDS OF THE FIRE COMPANY AND THE PEOPLE.

The Council in Favor of Increased Protection--Water Works Thought to be a Feasible Scheme--The Bureau out at Business.

At last there is a movement on foot to give Bismarck complete fire protection. The citizens, to the number of twenty-five or more, met at the City Hall Friday evening for the purpose of devising some means to accomplish this end. Jas. A. Lounsbury was elected chairman and C. A. Lounsbury, secretary. Ed Sloan, the efficient foreman of the fire company, stated the necessities of the company and showed that a tank and ten barrels of water would have saved Dan Eisenberg's building in the recent fire. The company needs Mr. Sloan said, a ten barrel tank wagon, and means of transportation in order to provide at least two engines for the chemical engine; they needed steel hooks, chains and a foot ladder; they need an alarm and a watchman in constant charge of the engine night and day. He recommended the purchase of a steam fire engine at a cost of \$2,000.

SYMPATHY WANTED.
David Stewart, secretary of the fire company, said the means were also in need of more sympathy and greater support from citizens owning property, of the businessmen in town, he did not recall the name of but one who has ever attended the meetings of the company. The members of the company were of our best citizens; they are public spirited and ready, of course, to make any sacrifice, but they could work with more heart if those who have most at stake would show greater interest. At Bly's fire the clothes on the backs of two men, Sloan and Maycock, were burned and none ever asked if they could be of service to them in securing new suits. Sympathy even, being wanting, he wondered what incentive men had to work. Another fireman he mentioned who will be a cripple for months, perhaps, and yet none have expressed any sympathy for him or offered relief. He thought it unfair to leave the matter in relief to the company when the citizens generally were most interested. It was enough to ask them to give their time. He agreed with all. Mr. Sloan said in relation to the

NEEDS OF THE COMPANY
and said more hose was needed. The churches used are destructive and the hose is liable to fail any moment. He urged the importance of some provision for water--at least a tank, and showed that the Eisenberg building would have been saved had the city been provided with a single tank of ten barrels of water. The city had provided a wagon but no tank--a bell for alarm but it was not put up, but lay in the depot for want of funds to pay the freight. The city was furnished buckets but no means of transportation for them. They were not disposed to grumble about the past but urged action for the future.

EX MAYOR McLEAN
urged the advantage of a special tax to provide all of the means necessary for security against fire. He did not care whether the city had the right or not. He took the Jacksonian view that they should do it any way. He urged a special tax of ten or twelve hundred dollars, or whatever sum might be necessary. He urged that a good and true man should have constant charge of the engine and other property of the fire company--one who could and would give bonds for its safety. He urged provision for water and that in case of fire the first man at the engine house with a team should be given fifteen dollars and the second ten dollars. He urged the importance of steel hooks and chains, for iron hooks are little better than lead and the ropes are of no use, and he moved that a special tax be levied to provide all of these things.

ALDERMAN FISHER
stated the difficulties in the way of securing the things needed. That the charter limited the taxes to four mills and this was all spent before levied and is not collected yet. For one he was ready to do anything that can be done. The council had provided everything asked by the fire company excepting a tank and had spent eight or nine hundred dollars at the last meeting of the council, but the council can't hire help or purchase supplies without a vote. Alderman Marsh favored immediate action.

MAJ. WALKER

was anxious to learn the views of the city council. If a majority agreed with Alderman Fisher nothing could be done except to fight the fire when it comes with the best means at their command.

Mr. Stewart believed the council had done all they were authorized to do without a vote of the people and he therefore moved that the city council be requested to submit to the people a proposition to issue bonds for the purpose of providing suitable fire protection. This was adopted and on motion of Maj. Walker a committee of five was appointed to make estimates and report to the council at its

next meeting. The chair appointed Maj. Walker, Wm. Thurston, Wm. Holmbeck, John A. McLean and J. P. Dunn such committee.

Mr. Lounsbury moved that a committee consisting of W. B. Wats on, Robt. Macnider and Geo. H. Fairchild be appointed to inquire if city ten per cent. bonds

AUTHORIZED BY A VOTE OF THE PEOPLE
to the extent of \$1,500 to \$3,000 could be negotiated in order to secure the things needed. The meeting then adjourned.

The city council met Monday evening and took further steps toward fire protection. They have employed a competent man, E. Sloan, to take charge of the engine and house, have purchased one of Dunkleberg's iron tanks which will be kept full of water all of the time and ready for business and have ordered everything that is believed to be needed. They also received a proposition from the Bismarck Reservoir and Water Works Company to put in a system of water works that would give complete protection and give water for all purposes if the council will grant the right to do so and aid to a limited extent. The council now have the matter under advisement and will probably act upon it on Monday evening.

AFTER THE FIRE.
Dan Eisenberg has fixed up a temporary store in the rear of Eppinger's clothing house, Fourth Street, and has quite a cozy place. He has not yet decided what kind of a building he will erect on the old site, but he will probably wait until spring and build of brick.

J. H. Marshall is comfortably located in the 7th Cavalry saloon building on Fourth street, awaiting the completion of his new building.

Chas. Kupitz has a good place next to Comelord & Molloy's livery stable on Fourth street, and is doing as well as ever, as he deserves.

Frank Geist will soon occupy his old stand in a new building larger than the one burned and with a large and first-class assortment of goods. G. O. Grit, Frank Busse & Smith will start up again in the restaurant business if the parties owning the lots can be induced to build immediately.

John A. Stoyell has the frame up for his office and another office adjoining.

Elder & Co. are occupying the building corner of Fourth and Meigs streets until Griffin completes their new building.

D. I. Bailey & Co's office is in Yegen's bakery. They are settling up their accounts and will soon start in business again.

Malloy Bros. have the Western House in good order again and the day of the fire accommodated eighty-two people for supper and lodging.

Christmas Tree

The Christmas festivities of the M. E. Sunday school were held in the school house on Christmas eve. The room was well filled with happy children and visitors, and thanks to the liberality of the warm-hearted people of Bismarck, the display of presents was unusually fine. The exercises were short but interesting. The best feature of the entertainment was the unusually fine zithra playing of Mr. Geist. After the distribution of gifts all joined in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and were dismissed with the benediction. Col. Bul, as a manager and a worker, is more than a success.

A Misnomer and a Fraud.

Not the Young Man-not-A-Fraid-of-His-Whisky but the name applied to him for he never took a drink of intoxicating liquors in his life. Besides, though liquor is sold in one end of the building in which he has a large interest, that is atoned for by the free use of the hall above for the red ribbon club meetings, while the water works company has its meeting in the back room. So if anybody should fall on Jimmy's whisky Col. Bul is on hand to save them and the water works people to supply a milder fluid.

Stamp Your Letters.

For nearly four years the postmaster at Bismarck has stamped, at his own expense, about all of the letters deposited in the office without stamps. So many of them, however, come in the same handwriting that it is getting monotonous, and though still disposed to feel and act kindly toward that portion of the public which is eternally blundering, hereafter letters deposited for mailing without stamps will be sent to the Dead Letter office.

Not Old Fogies.

Speaking of the Northwestern Stage Company, the Deadwood Times says:-- "They are the owners of the best stage and express lines running into the Hills, and have invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in this business, when the outcome was uncertain. They are the principal owners of the first silver mine in the Hills and one of the best in the world."

The Weather.

The thermometer reached 33 degrees below zero Tuesday night as shown by the signal office records. The ordinary mercury thermometers registered all degrees of cold. Some 40 below, some 48 and some in the half and half below 48. The thermometer on the hill at Ft. Lincoln registered 42 below. The mean thermometer at Bismarck as registered by the Signal Office for the past week was 15 below zero.

COL. THOMPSON'S THEORY.

CAUSE OF THE INCREASE IN THE FALL OF RAIN AND SNOW.

The Causes of Rain and the Electrical Currents--Railroads and Telegraph Wires Conductive to the Increased Rainfall.
A PHILOSOPHICAL IDEA.

Rhapsodists who are well housed, surrounded with all the comforts of life, enjoying good health and blessed with an abundance of reason to exclaim, Oh, the beautiful snow! Not so with the poorly housed, the destitute of fuel, the outdoor laborer, the teamster, the hungry and the sick. To the unfortunate and needy such a snow storm is a terrible calamity; while to the fortunate and well supplied it brings no terror and may be regarded as a source of immediate pleasure and of ultimate advantage to the whole country. To the latter the wind howls horribly; the cold penetrates pinchingly and hunger hinders all hopes of happiness while the former mingles the jingling of sleigh bells with the whistling wind or drowns its roar by the eloquence of the lecture room, the music of an orchestra or the potency of the flowing bowl; his robes of fur and well filled stoves protect him from the cold, and oyster stews and relished dishes leave no room for hungry cravings.

This unprecedented snow storm is an additional evidence of the fact that settlement and cultivation increases the rainfall and improves the climate of all prairie countries. I have heretofore adverted to some of the reasons for this increase which is becoming more and more palpable here every year. I have mentioned the prevention of prairie fires, as standing grass radiates heat, produces cold and precipitates the atmospheric moisture in the shape of dew, hoar frost, rain, hail or snow storms, while the old grass holds the snow from drifting; prevents the dry winds from sucking up the superficial moisture and contributes greatly to the retention of the water precipitated. I have mentioned prairie breaking as a means of letting the water soak into the ground and become localized, instead of running down the Missouri or being evaporated and carried by the winds to water other states. Tree culture has been advocated as a source of increased rainfall and a means of localizing water.

EFFECT OF RAILROADS.

Railroads and their operation are among the greatest sources of increased rainfall in countries reputed arid. In the first place they contribute powerfully to the production of all the above mentioned causes. Secondly, the continuous iron rail created by its present "fish-bar" fastening is a powerful electric conductor connected with the entire railroad system of North America and on that account becomes a new and wonderful means of changing the electrical condition of the country into which it penetrates. That electricity and rainfall are intimately associated everybody knows, but how does the former produce or increase the latter? I will tell you how it may do so. It is a fact which most people have observed, that in the great sea of atmosphere floating above us, there are different currents moving in different directions at different heights; that these currents are separate, well defined and distinct from each other and remain so for several days or weeks without any change or commingling whatever. Some of these currents are warm and full of watery vapor, others are cold and dry, each characterized by the thermal condition of its source. Now to produce rain all that is necessary is to bring a hot and cold current into contact and make them commingle. This reduces the temperature of the vapor bearing current, condenses the vapor, forms clouds and precipitates the water in the shape of rain. Electricity is either positive or negative, and all matter is charged either one way or the other and in every conceivable degree. If any two bodies are either positively or negatively charged they will resist each other in proportion to their electric condition. If the one is positively charged and the other negatively they will attract each other with a similar force. Now it is plain that if the two currents necessary for the

PRODUCTION OF RAIN,

both happen to be positively charged, which in this country is generally the case, they must resist each other and prevent any contact or commingling until an electrical change is produced or some other prevailing power introduced to overcome the electrical antagonism. A body positively charged becomes negative when it has given off or dispensed with its positive electricity. To effect this proper conductors must be introduced where they do not naturally exist. Dry air and dry ground are non-conductors and have a tendency to perpetuate any existing electrical condition of the current immediately above us; while lightning-rods, forest trees, growing vegetables, church-steeple, a wet atmosphere or a wet ground are good conductors. All conductors are valueless unless they terminate in a moist or wet portion of the earth which is the great reservoir into which all positive electricity is conducted from

the atmosphere. During much of the year in this and all the semi-arid prairie country the earth and lower portion of the air are so dry as to neither conduct or absorb electricity; but the introduction of railroads, with their numerous sidetracks and switches, has furnished a means of drawing off and conducting away to more moist countries enough electricity from the lower current to render it negative, and attractive to the current above, and thus producing rain and snow. I have no doubt that these powerful artificial conductors have already changed our climate along the Northern Pacific railroad and that the same effect will follow railroad construction everywhere in the great Northwest. The shrill whistle of the locomotive and the deep rumbling of the running cars are another prolific source of commingling currents. Heavy cannonading, whether in battle or at celebrations, produces copious rainfall simply because it agitates and stirs up all the currents above and around it to such an extent as to inaugurate and produce a commingling which results in the precipitation of the atmospheric vapor. The operation of railroads produce a similar effect.

W. T.

FORT BUFORD.

As Seen by the "Tribune's" Special Correspondent.

Fort Buford, D. T., Dec. 11.--Eight below--plenty of snow--sleigh riding all the go--beautiful--top her! The continued absence of the Indians from this vicinity affords our amateur sportsmen--of which there are many my lot!--great pleasure as game of all kinds is abundant in this vicinity both on the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. Everybody and his uncle and his etc., can now take a tramp to the timber and by playing away at random make a very fat bag. The old cry again is heard of ammunition trading to Indians at the military posts in this vicinity. As usual it emanates from the interior department and one would naturally suppose that there were no villages, towns or cities in the great northwest where articles of this kind could be procured by enterprising Yankees and by them transported a short distance, comparatively speaking, to some safe and secluded spot where their stock can easily be disposed of. Where there is a will there is a way, is the motto, but the largest kind of a wild fide it hard to get around the strict orders rigidly enforced at these military posts, concerning trade in contraband goods to Indians. Last Saturday at some point on the river, I do not now call to my mind where, a skiff was found moored to the bank with quite a stock of liquors and ammunition on board and no proprietor in sight. Indeed, it is said that up to this date some have even appeared to claim the property. That cargo did not come from a military post, and while cross country riders exist there is no need of tailing the military so persistently. The paymaster, Thomas, and his family, promises Lieut. Jacob, Jr., who will probably go to "G" Co. at Lincoln. The new barracks are already in an advanced stage of completion and Capt. Penney is now busy moving the kitchen from their former site near the old, to the new buildings. The weather is a little cold but the work is progressing finely. Capt. Britton leaves here to-morrow for Poplar river agency to complete issues to the Indians there. "Medicine Bear," "Afraid of the Bear" and some more chiefs with unpronounceable names, have returned from the hunt to get their annual annuities. It is understood that the not a B. & C. Co. has his band, a man on the hunting party until spring. One week ago to-morrow Dec. 4th, the talented band-master of the 6th Infantry, Professor Stigler, was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Strant, one of Buford's fair at demobles. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Robinson, post chaplain. General Hazen, the commander of the regiment, with the regimental adjutant, Lieut. Groenbeck, and a vast other ladies and gentlemen of the garrison, were present. The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Anna, and the groom had as best man in Q. M. S. Sgt. O'Connell, of same regiment. Congratulations followed the ceremony and all went merrily as it should on such a glorious occasion. Professor Spaulding, a well known steamboat artist, radiant in regulation costume, presided at the side board. And yet last night at the band concert Professor Stigler opened with "The Rose Tree," a waltz by Max. and later on in the evening rendered as a solo "Nobody's Darling." Though he explains that he now substitutes somebody's for that other word. The face of Charlie Adams to Miss Julia Brown, daughter of Mrs. Sarin, was also celebrated a few evenings since amid a select circle of friends at the residence of the bride's mother. Let me whisper in your ear that Buford is just the place for matrimony--at least all the young ladies say so.

PERSONNEL.

Col. Moore is still resting at Bismarck.

Henry Blakely is visiting his home at St. Paul.

Geo. P. Flannery went to Fargo again Monday.

Al. Bly, of the Sheridan House, went east last week.

Mrs. Asa Fisher and daughter are spending the holidays east.

Mrs. Lee, wife of Engineer Lee, is spending the holidays east.

Quartermaster Kirk and lady went east last week to spend the holidays.

Sut. Winston, of Fort Stevenson, is in the city. He looks well for a recently married man.

Oscar Moore returned from the Bad Lands Saturday. Howard Brandt will soon go out to clerk for Moore & Co. postmasters.

Lieut. Wallace, of Ft. Meade, has been commissioned to take a number of prisoners to Fort Keoga and will be here soon.

Frank Wasmers, the gentlemanly clerk for a long time with L. N. Griffin at the Capitol Hotel, is now with Joe Hare. It's a treat to see Frank all day.

Mr. Samuel Lough in, the popular baggage-master of the N. P. road at this point, leaves Monday for his home in Philadelphia, for a few weeks' recreation.

Lieut. Mann, Ft. Meade, arrived Tuesday night after a four day's siege in the stage coach. He is on leave of absence granted by Phil Sheridan in opposition to wishes of Gen. Sturgis.

John A. Stoyell went to Fargo Tuesday. John rather likes Fargo but will remain with Bismarck, however, until it becomes the largest city north of St. Louis on the Missouri.

O. S. Goff, who is temporarily stopping in the Hills with his branch photograph gallery, is spending the holidays with his family in this city. Mr. Goff will build a large gallery here next spring second to none west of St. Paul.

FREAKS OF ELECTRICITY.

THE VOICE OF THE WIRES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The People in Maine won't Allow the Democrats to Steal the State--A Row at Augusta in which the People are Victorious.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune)

WONT HAVE IT.

Augusta, ME., Dec. 26.--There was great excitement, nearly a riot, here yesterday over the attempt of Maj. Smith, Greenback candidate for Governor, and others, to remove the arms and ammunition from the arsenal at Augusta by order of Gen. Garcelon. The crowd prevented the arms from being shipped and they were returned to the arsenal. The escape from bloodshed was very narrow. (The crowd was greatly excited and the mayor's entreaties to the officer in charge of the arms induced them to give way to the demands of the crowd. Garcelon's supporters held a meeting on the 24th at which Garcelon said that the people of the State would not stand idly by and allow force to be used and would by arms, if necessary, say the laws must be obeyed.)

WOULDN'T GIVE UP.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 26.--Bernard Pecker, a German at Delphos, O., was called up at 2 o'clock Christmas morning, by three men who demanded his money. He refused and was shot. His wife was then bound, gagged and tortured until she disclosed the whereabouts of the money; \$1,500 was secured.

NOTES.

Three thousand Ghilseas attacked the British at Jugdulu on the 23d and were beaten with great loss.

The number of survivors so far as known of the Borussia, is but nine.

Grant has declined President Hayes' invitation to stay at the White House while in Washington.

Bailey's hop factory, at New Berryport, Mass., is burned; loss \$110,000.

The cold weather extends all over the country.

Joy Complete.

The Merchants Hotel was the scene of one continual round of pleasure last evening. Messrs. Geo. A. Wasmers, Geo. Miner, Jr., Geo. M. Bliss, James Stephens, G. W. Johnston, and C. A. Atchinson, employees of the House, presented Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Griffin with an elegant silver set, which completely overcame them with surprise and delight. Mr. Griffin, in a few appropriate remarks, thanked them kindly for the token of respect, stating that he and his would ever hold them in pleasant remembrance of the occasion. The boys were equally surprised, a few moments later, when Mr. Griffin purchased of Mr. Hanauer six suits of clothes, of a fine pattern, and distributed them among the gentlemen named, as a token of his appreciation of their meritorious services during the past. In addition to these presents each of the dining room girls was presented with an elegant set of furs. On the whole everybody about the establishment was happy. The boarders and guests were, through the skill displayed by Mr. Johnson and assistants, in the cooking department, greeted with one of the finest dinners ever given in the west.

Red Ribbon.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Red Ribbon society of Bismarck was held in Champion Hall last Monday evening, Dr. B. F. Slaughter presiding. After singing and other religious services led by Rev. J. M. Bull, an original poem, written by Mrs. Hattie S. Bull, was very fittingly read by Mrs. Marston, short but eloquent speeches were made by Wm. Gleason and Dr. Bentley. Twenty-two persons signed the pledge and donated the red ribbon, making in all eighty members. By unanimous vote Dr. Bentley was appointed a committee to canvass the city for funds for the establishment of a free reading room; it was also resolved that the object of the next meeting should be principally to consider the subject of the reading room. The society then adjourned to meet next Monday night at City Hall.

Cut His Way Out.

Mandan was the scene of a little cutting match last evening. A crowd had assembled at the Northwestern celebrating Christmas in genuine frontier style. Among the crowd were two men, named Raymo and Riley. A general pow wow followed in which the two named figured most prominently. The result was that Riley received a terrible and dangerous stab in the abdomen from a knife in the hands of Raymo. Raymo was brought to Bismarck last evening and lodged in jail. It is claimed by Raymo's friends that the act was a necessity. He was cornered and had to cut himself loose. Simpson's life is despaired of.

WE TWAIN.

Oh, heaven and earth are far apart!
But what if they were one.
And neither you nor I, sweetheart,
Had any way misdone?
When we, like laughing rivers fleet,
That cannot choose but flow,
Among the flowers should meet and greet,
Should meet and mingle so,
Sweetheart,
That would be sweet, I know
To meet to serve and drift apart,
Or any bliss design:
Then I should all be yours, sweetheart,
And you should all be mine.
But ah, to rush and dash and brown,
From thaw and smirched snow,
To spoil the corn, beat down and drown
The path, red lilies low—
Sweetheart,
I do not want you so!
For you and I are far apart,
And never may we meet,
Till you are glad and grand, sweetheart,
Till I am fair and sweet,
Till morning sun has kissed us white
As highest Alpine snow,
Till both are brave and bright of sight—
Go wander high or low,
Sweetheart!
For God will have it so.
Oh, heaven and earth are far apart!
If you are bound or free,
And if you climb or crawl, sweetheart,
Can no way hinder me,
But see you come in lordly state,
With mountain winds aglow,
When I by dazling gate shall wait
To meet and love you so
Sweetheart!
That will be heaven, I know

GILMAN, THE FORGER.

[New York Sun, Dec. 4.]

William C. Gilman, the Pine street insurance broker, who was sentenced to State's prison for five years for forgery, in October, 1877, was pardoned yesterday by Gov. Robinson. Last night he started from Auburn prison for this city. The funeral of his wife, who died in Norwich, Conn., on Monday, has been postponed to await his arrival in that city. Mr. Gilman was a member of a wealthy and very respectable New England family. The Rev. Edward W. Gilman, secretary of the American Bible society, in New York, is his brother. Another brother is Daniel Coit Gilman, once president of the California university, and now president of the Johns Hopkins university, in Baltimore. Gilman, himself, was, at the time of his fall, a vestryman of Dr. Houghton's "Little Church Round the Corner." He was influential in church matters, was a warm friend of his pastor, and had been an officer of the Sunday school of that society. He never played at cards or drank spirituous liquor, or associated with disreputable women.

At his office, in Pine and William streets, Mr. Gilman speculated in insurance stocks and scrip to a greater extent than any man in New York. His honor in business was unquestioned; yet in October, 1877, Wall street was startled by the news that he had "raised" insurance and bank stocks from a few hundreds of dollars to amounts aggregating hundreds of thousands. His forgeries were clumsy, yet his method was such as to escape discovery a long time. When the discovery was made early in October, 1877, Gilman could not be found, and his friends believed he had committed suicide. After a week's absence he wrote to Recorder Hackett promising to surrender himself on Oct. 12. He expressed poignant remorse. He was not arrested, but at the appointed time he appeared in the court of general sessions, before Recorder Hackett. He pleaded guilty to the charge of forgery, and his lawyer read a confession addressed to his pastor, wife and friends.

The substance of this confession was that, being trusted with large sums of money, he began to feel as if they were his own, and losing speculations at last led him to crime. At first he "had thought of adding sin to sin by suicide, but at last resolved to meet the crisis meekly and frankly."

Recorder Hackett passed sentence, and in a few days he was sent to Sing Sing prison. He was subsequently transferred to Auburn prison. He said at that time that he would never ask for a pardon, but would serve out the full sentence.

The remains of Mrs. Gilman are to be buried from Trinity Episcopal church in Norwich. Mr. Gilman was a native of Norwich, and for many years resided in a palatial mansion on Washington street in the most fashionable quarter. Mr. Gilman owned large manufacturing at the time. After Mr. Gilman's peculations, and his conviction and sentence, his wife was completely broken down. Her reason became deranged, and she spent several months in the Hartford, Conn., Retreat for the Insane. She partially regained her faculties and came to Norwich to live. Despite the efforts of her friends she continued to brood over her sorrow and her husband's disgrace. Two young boys, and her daughter, Bessie Coit, were her companions. About three weeks ago Bessie, who was an exceedingly bright and vivacious girl of 14, was taken strangely ill, and died after a short illness. This second blow was fatal to Mrs. Gilman. For many days her reason was despaired of. Soon after the burial of Bessie the mother insisted on a visit to her husband in Auburn State prison, although mentally and bodily unfit for the undertaking. In this city she met a friend who accompanied her to Auburn. On her way home, Mrs. Gilman stopped at Albany, and pleaded with Gov. Robinson for her husband's pardon. The governor was obdurate in denial in her request. Mrs. Gilman reached her home completely prostrated. She had not closed her eyes in sleep for over a week. It is said that she repeated her visit to Gov. Robinson a few days later, and met with a second disappointment. On last Saturday night she broke down. She fell into a stupor and remained in a comatose state until Monday. Her friends endeavored to arouse her on Monday morning in vain. In the afternoon Miss Sarah Young called and approached her bedside. The dying woman opened her eyes, smiled, and greeted her visitor. The young lady approached nearer. Then the sick woman closed her eyes with a weary smile and died without a murmur. Yesterday Miss Maria Gilman, the dead woman's sister-in-law, went to Albany in company with the husband of William C. Gilman's wife's sister, and pleaded with Gov. Robinson for the forger's pardon. The Governor was unable to resist the pathetic appeal, and this afternoon Miss Gilman telegraphed friends in Norwich: "William is pardoned. Postpone the funeral." When the pardon was taken to Gilman in Auburn by his sister, he refused to accept it at first, saying that he wished to serve out his full

sentence. After long pleading he was prevailed upon to leave the jail.

AN HISTORICAL CHARACTER.

Visitors to the national capitol when they come into the Senate while it is in session have often noticed in the neighborhood of the clerk's desk an old gentleman with very white hair and a very long beard, and "thereby hangs a tale."

This old gentleman is Capt. Isaac Bassett, assistant doorkeeper of the Senate of the United States. One could not tell where he got his title, but surely he has as much right to it as a great many majors, generals and colonels, and perhaps in the sequel it will appear not undeserved.

The captain dresses in a neat suit of black, and has his hair trimmed in a style which suggests a forgotten age. He is always to be found at his post while the Senate is in session, that is in the large chair which stands to the left of the Vice President's. In fact, so great was his punctuality that senators would rather go by him than by the clock. They would say the clock struck 12 when Capt. Bassett was in his chair, not Capt. Bassett was in his chair when the clock struck 12. Capt. Bassett entered the senate in 1830, and has been in the constant employ of the Senate for forty-nine years. He is, therefore, full of old reminiscences, and entertaining ones.

"I entered the Senate," said he, "in 1831 as a page, through the influence of Daniel Webster. Mr. Webster wanted me to get thoroughly acquainted with my duties. So during the year 1830 I worked as a page during the whole year for nothing. Up to 1831 there had been but one page to forty-eight Senators (the pages now number fourteen), and there was great opposition among Senators to have more than one. They said it was not to be thought of, one was quite enough. But Daniel Webster said he must have his boy, and in I went."

"Speaking of Daniel Webster, the captain said, I remember one rainy day Webster told me to go and get a hack. I hunted for a long time and came back wet and tired without finding any. Webster was always very friendly with me, and so I came to be quite friendly with him. On this occasion being rather cross, I rushed up to Webster and said with boyish rudeness, 'I can't find any hack.' Webster just looked at me. But what a glance! I would rather endure any thing than another such glance. I felt like sinking through the floor. Then Webster said, 'Go and get a hack.'

"It is needless to say, the carriage was found."

I asked the captain one day, what he thought of Webster's eloquence?

"Have you ever seen anybody that could make you laugh and cry at pleasure? Well, he could do it."

The captain states as a curious fact that Daniel Webster always required a certain quantity of whisky before he spoke.

The writer has heard, on very good authority, that on one occasion, the Senate being in executive session, that Webster, who was in that stage when the mind is most active, got up and made a brilliant speech. The question was on the confirmation of the same official. Webster, with an entire forgetfulness of the matter in hand, quoted an entire play of Shakespeare. The Senate was enthralled by Webster. Imagine a play of Shakespeare personated by Webster, with his magnificent voice and awful presence!

"Rufus Choate, continued the captain, 'always wanted a cup of strong tea before he spoke.'

"Get me a cup of tea," he would say, 'as hot as hell.'

"They speak of the eloquence of Rufus Choate, but I would rather hear Matt Carpenter, who studied in his office. I was present at the celebrated Webster-Hayne debate."

"Well, did Webster get the best of it?"

"They say so. He got the best of the argument."

The way which the captain said this inclines one to believe that his sympathies were with the fiery Southerner. This, however, is merely a conjecture.

Bassett said the other day: "I remember the fight between Foote and Benton, that famous one, the end of which was that Foote waltzed down the central aisle with a long pistol cocked in his hand."

"Benton jumped up on his desk, and throwing open his coat, cried, 'Shoot, you villain!'"

Foote relates this in his book, but he omits the jumping on the desk.

Bassett again: "I was present when Brooks attacked Sumner. The circumstances which gave rise to the attack are well known. Brooks came into the Senate with a cane in his hand. It was a gutta serena — all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Sumner was writing, and Brooks came up behind him and beat him over the head. The blood covered the head of the Senator, and he became senseless. I assisted him into the cloak-room. The cane was smashed to pieces, and I have a piece yet in my possession. I read some years ago an account of the presentation of this cane to an historical society in one of the Southern States. The pieces had grown together, I suppose. I am going to publish a book containing my experiences, but I am waiting until I complete fifty years in the service of the Senate, that is one year more, if they only let me stay long enough."

But who thinks of removing the honest captain? It would be sacrilege. He could stay in the Senate a thousand years, if he lived long enough.

Miscellaneous Items.

Senator Sharon once dined with a literary club in New York. At the table he quoted from history, and a little man at his right joined issue on the question. Sharon waxed a trifle warm, and insinuated that his opponent might be a clever sort of a man, but history was not his forte. After dinner, Sharon remarked to a friend, "Who is that little cuss there who disputed my dates?" "Bangroft, the historian."

It is stated that in Eastern France and the North of England hawks have learned to notice the railway trains "put up" coveys of birds as they rush on, the birds, like untrained animals, being startled by the noise. The hawks, therefore, fly after the trains, and when the birds have risen in alarm, pounce upon their prey, and then fly after the train again.

Mr. DOYLE, an American, built the first mill in Japan in 1874.

From "Don Quixote."

Here are a few extracts from "Don Quixote."

Beauty in a modest woman is like a fire or sword at a distance; neither doth the one burn nor the other wound those that come not too close to them. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

The absent feel and fear every ill. Self-praise depreciates. The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer.

All women, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for their beauty. Squires and knights errant are subject to much hunger and ill-luck.

Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them. Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.

Every one is the son of his own works. Honey is not for the mouth of an ass. No padlock, bolts, or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone. The wittiest person in a comedy is he who plays the fool. There is no book so bad but that something good may be found in it.

We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse. Let the hen live, though it be with a pip.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven. Covetousness bursts the bag. It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.

This term is equally applicable to all ranks; whoever is ignorant is vulgar. By the street of "By-and-by" one arrives at the house of "Never."

Between the yes and no of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin. Patience and shuffle the cards. A soldier had better smell of gun-powder than musk.

Other men's wants are easily borne. A bad cloak covers a good drinker. Pray devoutly, and hammer on stoutly. When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished.

Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy. The jest that gives pain is no jest.

Visit to a Pin Factory.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post thus describes the mysteries of pin-making:

"The pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. A small machine, about the height and size of a lady's sewing-machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling, that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

"This wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it in and bites it off by inches, incessantly, 140 bites to a minute. Just as it seizes each bite, a little hammer, with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps, and 'upsets' it to a head, while it grips it in a countersunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue, it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just underneath. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places, as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers and springs are made to play 'like lightning.' Thus the pins are pointed and dropped in a little shower into a box.

"Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make 560 pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

"Another automaton assort's half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of the boxes from various machines. Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pin by the head, in an inclined platform, through as many 'slots' as there are pins in a row on the papers. These slots converge into the exact space spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs, and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances. Thus you have its genesis:

"Tall and slender, straight and thin, Pretty, little, useful pin."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Journal says that an eminent physician here told him that there is no profession in New York in which it is so easy to lay up a competency for the future as the ministerial. The average pay is larger than any other profession, for while the lawyer and doctor are struggling the minister takes his position with a bound, but he is apt to spend in trips to Europe the money which he should lay up.

Female Barbers.

"Female barbers!" said Snodgrass, repeating a paragraph announcement he had just read in the paper, "I don't believe in 'em." "Why not?" we asked. "Because I remember what trouble Samson got into by letting a woman cut his hair!"

You have seen those chaps whose handkerchiefs are always full of scents? Such men often have no sense in their heads and very few cents in their pockets.

GEO. G. CIBBS & CO.,

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EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,

BOOTS and SHOES,

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Fine Custom Work made to Order

in all the latest style and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specialty made of

NEAT REPAIRING.

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices." 12m1

BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN MASON,

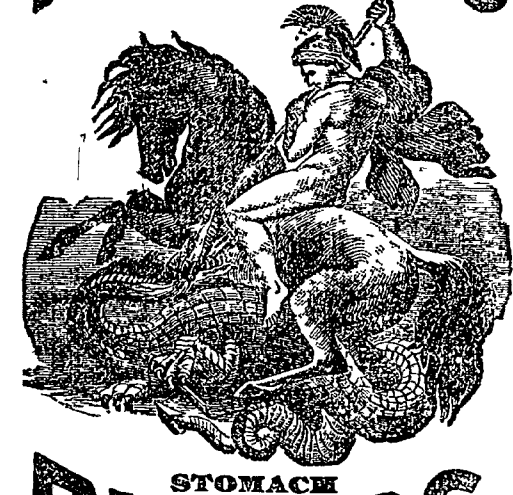
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Mixed Paints Always on Hand

Shop on Sixth Street, near Main.

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DEALERS IN

COLLARS, WHIPS,

LASHES, BRUSHES,

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Sample Room

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BILLIARD HALL.

Choice Wines and Cigars always in Stock.

E. Drewry's Celebrated

Ales and Porter

Always on Draught. Opposite the Post Office.

Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

JOS. HART, Proprietor

St. Paul Business Directory.

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Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

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EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

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3 DAILY TRAINS

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Steel Rail Trains, thoroughly ballasted, free

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This Road connects more Business Centres,

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ST. PAUL to BISMARCK,

DAILY.

Making close connections at ST. PAUL with

trains from CHICAGO and all points

AUTUMN.

The rich autumnal shadows fall:
The first brown leaf wheels slowly down;
And all along the orchard wall
The mosses gather deeper brown.

Through all the rounded golden hours
No sound steals in from village street;
Along the chimneys from distant towers
Float hourly through my still retreat.

Across the vale, the rugged hills
Are starting from their summer gloom,
And bursting heathen glows and fills
Their skyward curves with purple bloom.

Again with Autumn comes the time
When you and I would cross the vale,
And reach the mountain foot, and climb
Till stars renew the evening tale.

I wander still where nature haunts
Her secret places seldom sought,
But even nature something wants—
A subtle something, deeply wrought.

And here alone I sit, and now
Thy voice is hushed, but those dear eyes
That flashed beneath thy brave boy-brow
Are haunting me as daylight dies.

The sun slopes slowly to his rest,
This soft September afternoon,
Till all the color leaves the west,
And steep the world in twilight gloom.

Farm Notes.

The harvest in Italy is a failure this year.

We have reports of extensive freezing of potatoes by the late cold snap.

A Belvidere (Ill.) man raised \$733.50 worth of clover seed this year from 30 acres of clover.

Over fifty thousand bushels of potatoes have been bought and shipped in Duquesne this fall.

A second crop of barley (volunteer) at Sun Prairie, Wis., came into head before the late cold snap.

Over 1,000 persons in Clark and Wayne counties, Mississippi, earn their living by turpentine industry.

A strong decoction of peach tree leaves is reported to be specific for chicken cholera, dose, one half teaspoonful.

Two-thirds of the cultivated land in America is cultivated by the personal labor of the men who own the land.

At a recent potato show in England, where nearly 1,400 plates were shown, a large number were of American varieties.

The favorable fall weather in Dakota has enabled farmers to get in an immense crop of wheat in the northern portion of the state.

Great quantities of tobacco are raised in Russia, the seed from which it is grown being obtained chiefly from this country.

Red clover was introduced into England from the Netherlands in 1645, by Sir Richard Weston, then ambassador to the Low Countries.

Pennsylvania has eighty incorporated county agricultural societies, thirty-one of which have representation in its State Board of agriculture.

Bohemia has two superior and seven ordinary institutions for agricultural instruction, all of which are in the enjoyment of state support.

French farmers do not take kindly to scientific agriculture, as the savants understand the term. They cultivate well, and save in every possible item of cost.

A decrease of 20,000 cows is reported in Ireland this year as compared with last. Rural books show a great falling off in the amount of butter shipped.

The value of farms in the United States is eleven billions and the annual product is three billions. In four years, therefore, the farm products equal the value of farms.

Hemp is recommended to be cultivated in vineyards, orchards, etc., for the banishment or destruction of noxious insects. It is said that noxious insects are not found in hemp-fields.

Agriculture is to be made an obligatory study in the elementary schools of France. This is a recent action of the French senate, and was adopted by a majority of 254 votes.

Here is a rare specimen of the profits of horticulture worth striving for. The originator of a new, white, out-door grape, suited to our climate, is said to have sold the "copyright" of the same for \$20,000.

Peach trees blossomed in Kentucky, the second time this year, and a market woman near Newport Ky., sold a bushel of strawberries in Cincinnati, and had a large supply nearly ripe, destroyed by the freeze.

Rot among the sheep is a late disaster announced to have overtaken English flocks. It is said to be the deluge of rain there for the past year, keeping the ground so wet as to be unwholesome for sheep pasture.

London Garden, in speaking of strong manure for roses, says: A successful English competitor for a fifty guinea prize "fed his plants tremendously," some of the beds being mulched with nearly a foot of manure.

One of the phenomena of the season is a second crop of raspberries and strawberries in Delaware and Maryland. One grower has shipped at one time as many as 120 pints of raspberries from his bushes, the second crop this season.

Clover in McLean county is yielding about four bushels of seed to the acre, and most of the farmers have already sold at \$4 per bushel. In Allegan county, Mich., the crop was the largest ever known. The price there has ranged from \$3.50 to \$5.25 per bushel.

Cheap walks from the house to the stable and other out-houses may be constructed by laying sapling trees, say 6 inches in diameter, parallel with each other and one and two feet apart, according to the width desired. Bind them in place by pinning ties across occasionally. Fill in the middle with sand, gravel, sawdust, or any similar material.

Wheat is selling in the Gallatin valley,

Montana, at fifty cents per bushel, and there will be a large surplus which can't be disposed of even at that low figure, and probably not at all. With the Northern Pacific extended through that region, as it will soon be, the products of Montana promise to be almost limitless.

A farmer in Elvira, Ia., cut a crop of barley from a piece of land in the summer, being unable for lack of help to cut the crop until after it had become so matured that much shelled in handling. A second crop sprung up on the stubble and was almost ready to harvest when the freeze came.

Mr. Mechi has been credited with the answer, when asked what he manured his land with, saying, "With brains, sir!" Opie, the celebrated painter, is the originator of the idea. He was asked by an ambitious pupil, with what he mixed his colors, he replied, "With brains, sir."

The entries of the late dairy fair in London were as follows: Live stock, 342; dairy products, 460; dairy implements, models, drawings, etc., 59; total, 861. This is an increase over the entries at a similar fair held in October of last year of more than 200, showing the increased interest in dairy farming and manipulations among English dairymen and farmers.

The importation of foreign green fruits into New York, says the New York Tribune, has more than doubled in ten years. Oranges have not increased much, the average number of Mediterranean being 160,023,487 for ten years, 168,705,520 for 1878; while of West India 12,942,975 were received last year, the average for ten years being about 50 per cent. more. Florida fruit comes in competition with the later. Of lemons, in round numbers has been from 85,000,000 to 217,000,000. There were 42,000 boxes and 12,000 barrels of grapes received.

The Tables Turned.

A good story comes to us from the West. Out in Indiana the students of a well-known medical college decided to have a good joke at the expense of a professional resurrectionist. The latter was not exactly a coward in any sense of the term, but they, the students, felt confident that the plan they had on hand would, if successfully carried out, be the means of providing them with unbounded merriment at the resurrectionist's expense. They informed him that they had secreted a body for dissection, and commissioned him to bring it from its hiding-place and deliver it to them. Just previous to this one of the number got into a sack and lay perfectly motionless. He was the remains, and he was to kick and make a big noise at a given signal from the rest, who were to be hid in ambush along the road. So far everything worked like a charm. The resurrectionist took up the sack, swung it across his back and trudged on to the utter joy of the occupant, who remained as still as possible. On trudging the resurrectionist with thoughts of the forthcoming fee dancing in his soul. Finally he got to within fifty feet of the spot at which the ambushed party lay, but between him and them was a bridge. As he stepped upon the bridge his burden was aware of the fact that the signal would be given so soon that it was not worth while to wait for it, so he commenced to kick, and the resurrectionist, with hair on end, made a loud howl and threw his burden off the bridge into the water below. The students rushed down pell-mell and rescued their companion after a desperate struggle. When any allusion is made to the affair, however, the students pretend to know nothing about it.

The Bear at the Altar.

A singular anecdote is related by the Rev. J. Bowden, in connection with the plague in Norway. At the beginning of the fourteenth century it attacked the district of Valdres with such severity as to entirely depopulate the country for miles round. About 200 years afterward a peasant was one day hunting a bear in that part of the country. Having discharged an arrow at the animal, it missed its mark, but, flying onward, struck against something which gave back a ringing sound. Curious to discover what was the cause of the strange circumstance, the hunter searched and found a church hidden among the trees. The arrow had struck against the bed of the clock in the church steeple. This was the ancient church of Hadel, which had stood unknown since the visitation of the plague, and in the lapse of time a large forest had grown up and concealed the sacred building from the eyes of men. The most singular part of the story is, that the hunter entered the church and slew the bear at the altar, where it had taken refuge. The bear's skin is still preserved in the vestry of the church.

Boys or Girls?

A lady who had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said:

In a physiology class, this young lady of 15 inquired, with languid surprise: "Is there not a straight passage through the head from one ear to the other?"

"A somewhat natural conclusion," the teacher commented, dryly, "if she had ever watched the processes of her own mind."

"Which would you prefer teaching," asked a visitor, "boys or girls?"

"Boys, infinitely," was the prompt reply. "No boy, for instance, would ever have asked such a question as that. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead-pencil. Not, probably, in his own ears," she added, meditatively, "but in his younger brother's."

Limburger cheese made in this country is superior in every respect to that produced abroad.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A sign of the times: "Shut This Door."

Put a shutter over your mouth, is the latest slang.

Is a pulpless clergyman in quest of a church engaged in a steeple-chase?

When a man calls his wife's maid an angel it is time for the wife to make her fly.

The King of the Fiji islands is said to relish "Baby Mine" very much. He likes it well done, too.

"You are my precious pearl," he said as he drew her to his manly breast. "Oh, John," she sighed, "and you are my oyster."

LITTLE Gerty (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Uncle, don't you have anything after dinner?" Uncle—"Yes, dear; the dyspepsia."

"Are you building air castles in Spain, Mr. Jones?" said a landlady to a boarder, who was thoughtfully regarding his coffee-cup. "No, madam, only looking over my grounds in Java," replied Jones.

A RATHER gayly-dressed young lady asked her Sunday-school class "What was meant by the pomps and vanities of the world?" The answer was honest, but rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat."

"I don't see how there ever came to be so many words in the world!" exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling lesson. "Why, sis," said her brother, "they come through folks quarreling. Then, you know, one word always brings on another."

MOEHER—"Johnny, why do you look so down-hearted?" Johnny—"Cos I haven't got no luck. Jim Woodhead was the last in the class, an' I'd awkwarded myself up to the last but one, an' now Jimmy's died to-day, an' I am the last again. Boo-hoo!"

TEACHER—"Now, boys, quadruped and biped, you know, are two kinds of animals. Quadruped, animal with four legs, such as cow, elephant, horse, etc. Bipod, animal with two legs, such as—well, ah—Yes, there is a biped, pointing to a goose on the wall, "and am a biped, and you are all biped. Now, what am I?" Pause. One of the bipeds—"A goose, sir!"

A TRAGEDY.

'Tis night Two lovers lean Upon the gate.
A nearing form is seen—
It is thy fate.
A piercing scream from her The welkin rent.
It was, as you infer,
Her part ent.
The lover sought to scoot—
Alas! too late.
He's hoisted with a boot Beyond the gate.

A GENTLEMAN sent his Irish servant up to his room for a pair of boots, and at the same time told him to be sure to get mates, as there were two pairs in the closet. Patrick returned with two boots, but odd ones. "Why, don't you see that these are not alike—one is a long top and the other a short one?" said the gentleman, out of patience with the fellow. "Bedad, your Honor," said Pat in apology, "and it's true for ye; but thin the other pair was just so, too!"

Macaulay's Annihilator.

On one Monday morning as Mr. Macaulay, the actor, was about to get on board the train, a queer-looking man stepped up to him and asked for a few minutes' conversation, which was pleasantly granted by Mr. Macaulay, who has less airs about him with strangers than any actor in the profession.

"I'd like to see that annihilator that you have—that gun that shoves out like a telescope."

"Certainly, sir; I have it in my valise. It frequently comes handy when strangers fool with me."

The actor went into the train, followed by the stranger, and soon produced his "annihilator," which the other grasped eagerly and began to work, his eyes gleaming with delight.

"That's a daisy, by Jove it is! What's its range?"

"I never really knew how far it would shoot. It carries a pound of powder to a pint of shot, and the charge spreads out in all directions."

"I've got a little racket myself!" said the stranger, pulling out an immense six-shooter from behind. "That's the boy that was the terror of Fioche for years."

"Ah! Are you the celebrated Pat Holland, poet and fighter of Picche?" "I am pretty well recognized in the sage-brush country by that name. When I haul this machinery out it clears the streets quicker than a squad of New York police could do it. I'd like to buy that annihilator of yours, for a sort of companion piece, as it were, to mine—something to balance me on the other side."

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Holland," replied Macaulay, laughing, "this affair of mine is only a sham. It doesn't shoot at all—just meant for the stage, you know."

"Holy Moses! You don't mean to say that you can't kill a man with it?"

"Exactly!"

"Good-by, sir! I've been goin' to see you night after night, supposin' this weapon was the real cheese, and I'm sold. I used to dream about it night after night, and now to find out it's a fraud. It's too terrible!"

Here Pat sat down on a car step and wept like a child.—Virginia City Chronicle.

Humility.

Humility is a virtue all preach, few practice, and yet every body is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

CATARRH

Of Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter, Gentlemen—I feel compelled to acknowledge to you the great benefit SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE has been to me. For ten years I have been afflicted with this loathsome disease, and especially in the winter time has it been most severe. The discharge has been thick and bloody, emitting a foul odor so bad that my presence in a room with others was very offensive to them. One week after commencing the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE I was not troubled with it at all. My senses of taste and smell, which were wholly gone, have now fully returned, and my general health is much improved.

MELBOURNE H. FORD.
Short-Hand Writer.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 8, 1876.

LATER.

Gentlemen: The package of SANFORD'S CURE arrived here to-night all right. I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for this remedy. I have tried Nasal Douches and everything else, and although I have been able to stop the offensive discharge, I have not been able to recover my senses of taste and smell until I tried SANFORD'S CURE. You can refer any one you choose to me, and I will cheerfully inform them in detail as to the benefit the remedy has been to me.

MELBOURNE H. FORD.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 15, 1876.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Not only promptly arrests the corroding discharges of Catarrh, but by sympathetic action, it restores to sound health all the organs of the head that have become affected by it, and exhibit any of the following affections:—

Defective Eyesight, Inflamed and Watery Eyes, Painful and Watery Eyes, Loss of Hearing, Earache, Neuralgia of the Ear, Discharges from the Ear, Ringing Noises in the Head, Dizziness, Nervous Headache, Pains in the Temples, Loss of the Senses of Taste and Smell, Inflammation of the Throat, Inflammation of the Tonsils, Putrid Sore Throat, Tickling or Hacking Cough, Bronchitis, and Bleeding of the Lungs.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Catarrh Cure, fully prepared directions for use in all cases. Price, \$1. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers in medicine. The United States and Canada. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, 100 South Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

AN Electro-Galvanic Battery, combined with a highly medicated plaster, forming the most curative agent in the world of medicine, and at the same time passing all other Plasters heretofore used. They accomplish more in one week than the old Plasters in a whole year. They do not pain the patient. They

Relieve Affections of the Chest, Relieve Affections of the Lungs, Relieve Affections of the Heart, Relieve Affections of the Liver, Relieve Affections of the Spleen, Relieve Affections of the Kidneys, Relieve Affections of the Bladder, Relieve Affections of the Muscles, Relieve Affections of the Joints, Relieve Affections of the Nerves, Relieve Affections of the Skin.

No matter what may be the extent of your suffering, try one of these Plasters. Relief is instantaneous, a fact supported by hundreds of testimonials in our possession. Bear in mind that the most important discovery in pharmacy date back less than ten years, and that combinations of gums and essences of plants and herbs, here united with Electricity to form a curative Plaster, is superior to all other Plasters in use, as the scientific physicians is to the horse-leech.

Price, 25 Cents.

Be careful to call for COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER, lest you get some worthless imitation. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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and satisfaction as to prices and goods guaranteed.

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The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.

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This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates.

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Office. Opposite Railroad Depot.

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Carriage Painting.

West Main Street.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO

FINE CARRIAGE PAINTING.

ROSAMOND.

In the fragrant bright June morning, Rosamond the queen of girls,
Down the marble door-steps loiters, radiant with her sunny curls;
Over the greenward, through the garden, passes to the river's brink,
Throws away an old bouquet, and wonders if 'twill float or sink.

Then returning through the garden, round and round the lawn she goes,
Singing as she cuts fresh roses—she herself her world's fair rose;

In her dainty morning robe, and straw hat shading half her face,
Picturesque in form and feature, lovely in her youth and grace;

In her hand a little dagger, sharp and glittering as the sun,
Rifling hearts of thorny bushes, cutting roses one by one;

Pink and white and blood-red crimson, some in bud and some full-blown—
There through lawn and grove and garden sings she to herself alone;

Softly sings in broken snatches some old songs of Spain or France,
As he holds her roses off at full arms-length with side-long glance.

Shifting groups of forms and colors, for a painter's eye hath she,
And all beauty pleases her, so artist-like and fancy-free.

Now she enters her boudoir, and sets her roses in a vase;
There for seven days and nights their bloom and fragrance fill the place.

When the petals droop and fade she'll bear them to the river's brink,
Singing, throw them on the waves, and wonder if they'll float or sink.

Will she bear away to-night a bunch of lover's rose hearts—pray?
Set them in her vase a week—then throw them with her flowers away?

—C. F. Cranch, in *Harper's Magazine*.

ELSIE RAYMOND.

On a wild October night, Elsie Raymond sat beside her solitary fireside in deep thought—in thought that, truth to tell, was tinged with sadness. It was not often that she sat thus, for she was the most cheerful and busy of little women, the best of sisters and aunts, and the kindest of neighbors. This being the case, she found little leisure for thought or solitary musings, for in some one of these relations work enough was always provided for her.

But to-night she seemed to have arrived at one of the halting-places in her life. Her young sister Sophia, the last of her charges, had that morning been married. The old gray homestead had been left desolate when her smiling face went from it—at least so Elsie thought. True, she had a tribe of small nephews and nieces staying with her, while their mother, Elsie's sister Mary, and her husband accompanied the bridal party on their tour, but they had long been asleep, and there was no token of their presence in the somewhat trim-looking room, except a great basket of playthings in the corner, and a row of shoes, headed by Willie's "new boots," and closed by baby Elsie's tiny bronzed slippers, that were ranged against the wall.

Elsie's father had died suddenly, the victim of a fatal accident, and his widow, overwhelmed by the sad and terrible bereavement, soon followed him. With her dying breath she commended her youngest children to the care of their oldest sister, and exacted from her a promise that she would devote her life to them. The girl could hesitate at no demand made in the last feeble accents of her dying mother. She lifted the little unconscious babe from the feeble arms that clasped it, and holding it close to her bosom, and looking upon the tearful faces of the little group gathered around that death-bed, gave the required promise.

In an hour her mother had ceased to breathe, and Elsie's life-work had begun. But it was not until the sad ceremonies of the funeral was over, and the little family had returned to the desolate home, that Elsie fully comprehended all that she had undertaken.

None who have truly loved will fail to comprehend the struggle that for the following weeks went on in Elsie's soul. It was no slight sacrifice that was demanded of Elsie; duty and love, her promise to the dead mother and her vows to the living, were the antagonists that contested every inch of ground. John Francis loved Elsie full well enough to have aided her in her life task. He saw no reason in the duties she had undertaken why she should not fulfill her vows, and in becoming his wife divide the burden of her responsibilities and care.

But she thought differently. She felt that she had no right to allow his generosity to lead him into such a sacrifice. He was young and life lay bright and long before him. Should she allow the shadow of her care to project across the sunny path? Should she seek to lay upon his shoulders the burden that weighed her down and doomed her to a life of toil? She could endure and sacrifice much for the children, so dear to her by ties of blood—the sacred legacy of her dead parents. But to him they were nothing, save for her sake, and she might have seen him grow weary and discontented with the untimely cares that a marriage with her must throw upon him.

So Elsie and John Francis parted, as they feared, forever. When her lover found that no arguments nor prayers could change her purpose, that she had solemnly recorded her vow to the dead, and was fully prepared to perform it to the uttermost, even to the sacrifice of her dearest hopes and most cherished wishes, he disappeared from the neighborhood without a farewell to any who had known him.

After a time a letter came to the parish clergyman to tell that he was safe, and about to sail for a foreign land, and from that hour, for all those twenty years, no tidings of John Francis had

fallen upon Elsie Raymond's ears. When she knew that he was gone and would not return, she carefully gathered together every little memento of the happy season of her love, and locked them in the casket he had given her, thenceforth to be the shrine of her affections. Then sternly and uncompromisingly she turned to her life task.

Year after year rolled on. Elsie spun and wove, and directed her maidens and her farm laborers, and taught and nursed her brothers and sisters, and in all things strove to supply to them the place of the parents they had lost.

In time the wounds of her heart healed, at least they ceased to bleed at every touch, and learned to find solace in the affection of her children, as she called them, while habit made her duties light and almost pleasant.

The midnight hour had already passed when Elsie rose to retire. Her long, lonely vigil had made her mind timid and nervous, and she could hardly repress a shriek of alarm, as just at that moment a heavy knock was heard at the outer door, and resounded through the house.

But Elsie's only thought was of a summons to some sick or dying bed, for in that quiet neighborhood people were seldom abroad at night on less urgent errands; so, smiling at her causeless alarm, and still trembling in spite of her bravery, she undid the fastenings of the door, and threw it open.

A tall man, wrapped in a long, dark riding-cloak, stood upon the threshold. By the light of the flaring candle Elsie held she could not distinguish his face. She only saw the strange, eager look of a pair of very bright eyes, as the stranger bowed in answer to her salutation.

"Madam," he said, "I am benighted, as you see, and in trying to reach the next village have lost my way. I am drenched to the skin, and my horse is too weary to go farther through these miry roads, and, seeing a light here, I have ventured to crave a shelter for him and myself for the remainder of the night. I assure you that you will find me no ungrateful guest."

"Sir," Elsie resumed, simply, "the doors of Raymond farm have never been closed to the weary wayfarer. Enter, and a servant will care for your horse."

The stranger bowed again, and passed her silently, as she held back the broad leaf of the door. What was it that at the sight of the tall muffled form caused her heart to beat so wildly? She put up the bar that secured the door and then preceded her guest to the apartment she had left.

She stirred the smoldering embers, and threw on fresh wood, which caught the flames, that soon leaped cheerily up the broad chimney. Leaving the stranger cowering over the blaze, she went and called the gardener to take charge of the horse that was neighing impatiently at the outer gate.

When she came back she busied herself, silently, in preparing refreshment for the stranger, who still sat beside the hearth casting curious glances at her as she moved about. Thrill after thrill shot through Elsie's frame as she met those bright, strange glances. She had begun to feel almost frightened at his singular manner, when he suddenly addressed her.

"Madam," he said, pointing to the row of little shoes, and the overflowing basket of toys, "I see that, lonely as is this house, it is not entirely desolate. Human flowers, that brighten so many homes, bloom here. You have little children, beautiful and loving, and, doubtless, a good husband. Pardon me, madam," he added, observing Elsie's emotion; "we who are wanderers up and down the world are wont to notice, with somewhat of jealousy, the tokens of domestic happiness that are denied to us."

He was silent, as if waiting for an answer, and Elsie, considering her emotion, answered quietly:

"There are children here, but not mine. I have neither husband nor children," and a faint sigh struggled up from her heart, as she thought what might have been.

Just then the gardener came stamping in at the kitchen door and showed himself, shaking the water from his garments. Elsie turned to the stranger.

"Your meal is prepared," she said; "when you have partaken the servant will show you to your room."

And, bidding her guest good-night, she went away to her room and lay down upon her bed, but not to sleep. Through the long hours, until the late autumn dawn, she tossed restlessly upon her couch, thinking much of the strange guest, and marveling why his image mingled so continually with her vision of the past.

The next morning, when the breakfast hour was passed, the stranger spoke of his departure.

"Before I go, madam," he said, "I ought to inform you who I am, that you may at least know you have not bestowed your kindness on one unworthy."

"For twenty years I have been a wanderer in other lands, a sad, lonely, disappointed man. Yet I have ever kept one hope bright and vigorous—the hope to return to my native shores and the scenes of my early happiness."

"I was born and lived till manhood in the midst of a region much like this in which your home is situated. I was an orphan, but I had a small competence and many friends. My guardian had a daughter whom I loved, and who acknowledged that my love was returned. We were betrothed, by the consent of her parents, and our wedding day was very near, when strange misfortunes overwhelmed my Alice. Her father died a horrible death; then her mother dropped beneath the blow and quickly followed, leaving to

Alice the care of the younger children, and exacting from her a promise that she would never leave them until they were all provided for. I would willingly have shared the heavy burdens that now fell upon Alice, but she refused to bind me to her life of toil and self-sacrifice. She laid her love and all her bright hopes upon the altar of duty; and I, appalled by the sacrifice and mad with disappointment, fled from the country and became a wanderer in other lands."

"Elsie, I promised to return when your task was ended! I am here! Have you no word of welcome after all these years of separation?"

He had no need to ask, for Elsie lay sobbing in the arms opened to receive her, while the little ones looked on wonderingly, and the old gardener, to whom the secret had been imparted the night previous, stood with clasped hands uttering ejaculations of thankfulness.

"Elsie, shall we ever part again?"

"Never," said Elsie, with her quiet simplicity; "never again until death," and she looked up in his face with the old confiding glance that had greeted him a score of years before.

Very quietly the middle-aged pair settled down at the old homestead, which was beautified and adorned by the wealth John Francis brought from foreign lands, and dearer far to them than palace home, with the store of memories that people its dim chambers, and all the green dimes which had witnessed their early joys, and their reunion after weary years of separation.

EVERYBODY ADVERTISES.

But There Are Ways Not the Best for Every Man to Do It.

An exchange has the following pointed article that will do for the business men of every place to read:

"The man who says he 'doesn't believe in advertising' is unconsciously all the time doing just what he deprecates. He hangs coats outside of his door, or puts dry goods in his windows—that's advertising. He sends out drummers through the country, or puts his name on his wagon—that's advertising. He labels his articles or manufactures—that's advertising. If he has lost his cow he puts a written notice in the postoffice, or tells his sister-in-law—and that's advertising, too. He has his name put up in gilt letters over his door—and what is that but advertising? He paints his shop green or red; or, if a tailor, he wears the latest styles; if a doctor, he has a boy call him out of church in haste; if an auctioneer, he bellows to attract the attention of passers-by; if a heavy merchant, he keeps a high pile of boxes on the sidewalk in front of his store—and all for advertising. A man can't do business without advertising, and the question is whether to call to his aid the engine that moves the world—the printing press, with its thousands of messengers working night and day, the steam-engine adding to its repeating capacity untold power and miraculous speed; or, rejecting all these, go back to the days when newspapers and railroads were unknown. But advertising costs money! So does everything that is worth having. If advertising cost nothing, then the second, third, and fourth-class petty shops would stand an equal chance with the most responsible houses. If you want to prove to the world that yours is a first-class establishment, advertise. A good advertisement in a newspaper pays no fare on railroads; costs nothing for hotel bills; gives away no boxes of cigars to customers, merino dresses to customers' wives; drinks no whisky under the head of traveling expenses, but goes at once and at all times about its business free of expense."

Railroad Speeds.

The daily express mail train from London to Holyhead makes the distance, 268 miles, in four and a half hours, being at the speed of a little over fifty-nine miles an hour, stoppages included. The distance between New York and Washington is 228 miles, and the fastest train makes it in six hours and twenty minutes, or thirty-six miles an hour, stops included. But most of the trains occupy from eight to nine hours. In this wide country, where railroad engineering exhibits such great triumphs, it would seem as if we ought to be able to run trains between our important cities as fast as the Britishers do. If we had a Holyhead express between New York and Washington the time of transit would be reduced nearly one-half, to wit: to three hours and forty minutes. This would enable passengers to leave New York in the morning, have an entire official day for business before the Departments in Washington, or attend a session of Congress, and still be at home in time for evening tea.—*Scientific American*.

Effect of Large Cities Upon Agriculture.

Mr. Mechi, the agriculturist, deprecates the agricultural loss involved in river-pollution, and recalls the words of Liebig: "The sewers of Rome ingulfed in the course of centuries the prosperity of the Roman farmer; and, when the fields of the latter would no longer yield the means of feeding her population, the same sewer devoured the wealth of Sicily, Sardinia, and the fertile lands on the coast of Africa." He adds: "Large towns, like bottomless pits, gradually swallow up the conditions of fertility of the greatest countries." Mr. Mechi estimates that it takes the annual product of 20,000 acres to feed London one day.

Our striving against nature is like holding a weathercock with one's hand; as soon as the force is taken off it veers again with the wind.

D. I. BAILEY & CO.,

No. 82 Main Street, Bismarck, Dakota.

—DEALERS IN—

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Bird Cages, Granite, Iron and Pressed Tinware, Lamps, Cordage, Wooden-ware, Etc., Etc.

Finest assortment of

Table and Pocket Cutlery, Shears and Scissors, in the City.

A new and complete stock of

Cook and Parlor Stoves

just received.

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DEERE & CO.'S PLOWS, AND BUCKEYE MOWERS.

Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Work done on the shortest notice, and by the best of workmen.

M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts., BISMARCK, D.T

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

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GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in

NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates. Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

COMEFORD & MALLOY.

Livery, Sale and Feed Stable.

Orders for the City Hack left at the office on Fourth Street.

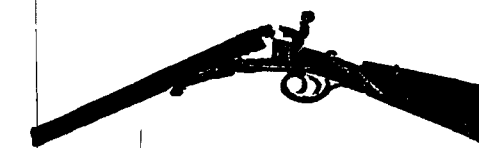
BISMARCK AND STANDING ROCK Stage and Express LINE.

Leaves Bismarck daily except Sundays at 8 a. m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours! Leaves Standing Rock daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.

For freight or passage apply to GEO. PEOPLES & CO., Bismarck, D. T. JNO. THOMSON & CO., Standing Rock, D. T.

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Fire Arms, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, &c. Sharps and Winchester Rifles a Specialty.

Particular attention given to Repairing. Orders by Mail Promptly Filled. MAIN STREET, BISMARCK, D. T.

OLD AND RELIABLE.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates.—It is Cathartic and Tonic. TRY IT.

To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order, its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator purifies the system from miasmatic influences. It Purifies the Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Assists the Action, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. S. T. W. SANFORD, M.D., 162 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

A "MAMMY'S" LAMENT.

INCIDENT OF THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.

"Yes, sar, dat is my little boy, de onliest one I had. De fever took him yestidday, he had it mighty bad. Nothin' didn't do no good he died at break ob day. I had four odder chil'en, sar, an' los' 'em all dat way. Las year de fever took all dem, an' lef me jus' dis one. My youngest, too, de baby, sar,—an' now, oh! Lord, he's gone."

"What make I didn't port de case? At fus I thought I would; But doctors all is hurried so' dey couldn't do no good. Dey' mighty kind an' soderate, and does all dat dey know; But when dis fever gits a-holt it nebber does let go. It ain't no good a-fighten it,—tis useless for to try. When yaller fever gits you down you jus' is bound to die."

"I know ef I should 'port de case dey'd take de child away. An' I heped de Lord would call me, too, befo' de close ob day. You see he is little, sar, he'll miss his mammy so. Hebben's such a great big place he won't know whar to go. I thought ef I could die to-day it wouldn't be too late. To oberake his little soul an' tote it to de gate."

"He'll be so skeered all by hisself, my blessed little lam, An' cry so pitiful for me to come ketch hold of him. I feel dat well an' strong I seered I isn't gwine to die. An' oh! it breaks my heart to think dat may be he will cry. An' hang about outside de gate widout a bit ob sup— Awaite an' a longin' for his mammy to ketch up."

"De onliest thing dat I kin do is jus' to beg an' pray. De angels up above to take an' kar him on de way. To dat bright place de preachers say is up above de skies. Whar God Hissel shall wipe away de tears from tired eyes. An' let him stay alone, wid dem in dat lubly home— So sa'e an' free from obbery pain, unt' will his mammy come."

"OLD NEWGATE."

The Ancient Copper-Mine Prison in Connecticut.

The infamous Black Hole of Calcutta, or the dungeons of the Middle Ages, scarcely rivaled in their horrors the "Old Newgate" of Connecticut. And this, but half a century ago, was the living hell to which prisoners from the State courts were consigned. It was abandoned in deference to a strong public sentiment created against it by exposes of the wretchedness of the prisoners, and the cruelties which could be only too readily practised upon them under the pretense of insuring their safe-keeping. Philanthropists were met with the familiar cry of the jailers of to-day, that criminals are a desperate set and means must be adopted for restraining them; but the sentiment of the people, once aroused, relagated the underground Bastille to its original uses. About 1830 the prisoners were removed to the new prison at Whethersfield, near this city.

THE ANTE-REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

In the present town of East Granby, formerly Sunbury, traces of copper ore were discovered about the year 1700. The place was Copper Hill, a high, rocky range, and seven years later a company was formed to develop the mine. Nothing was done, however, until some years later, when Jonathan Belcher, of Boston, (afterward Governor), and others opened the mine, and removed more or less ore annually for a quarter of a century. Financially, Belcher and his partners didn't reap a harvest. The grasping British Government watched all the mining enterprises of the colonists, and made regulations calculated to repress them, or at least to ensure to home merchants the profits. In the case of this mine, it was ordered that the ore should be shipped to England for smelting. The route was by wagons over a rough country twenty miles to the Connecticut river at Hartford, thence by sloops to New York, and by ship to England. However, considerable copper was surreptitiously smelted by German workmen in the vicinity, and in 1737 a Mr. Higby manufactured a large number of the Granby coppers, which became current throughout the Colony. Specie being scarce, the coinage of the embryo mint established by Higby, who was only a local blacksmith, was regarded with great favor. Single specimens of these coins now command from \$15 to \$25, but, as they are stamped from unalloyed copper, few perfect ones are to be had. Five designs were made, one of which had on the obverse the modest suggestion, "Value me as you please," and on the reverse, "Good copper, 1737."

The work at the mine was carried on at various periods until 1773, more than seventy years, through wars and rumors of wars, by private enterprise and by chartered companies. In that year the Colony of Connecticut purchased the property and fortified it for use as a permanent prison.

THE MINE PRISON.

After an exploration of the caverns a legislative committee reported that by a small expenditure it would be next to impossible for any person to escape. The Puritans of that day were hard-minded men. Having selected for a prison the worst place that could be conceived of, they passed laws authorizing the keeper to employ the convicts at hard labor, to use the whip, shackles and fetters, and extended terms of imprisonment were imposed for nearly all offenses. At this time two shafts led down into the cavern, but, escapes being frequent, a block-house was built over one, and the other was closed with stone and iron. But few prisoners were confined until the opening year of the Revolutionary War, when several Tories were consigned to its caverns, and at a later period it was found a convenient and safe place for the keeping of British soldiers captured in Connecticut. In the winter of 1775 Washington wrote from his headquarters at Cambridge to the Committee of Safety at Lewisburg, consigning to them several "FLAGRANT AND ATROCIOUS VILLAINS."

and at his request they were long confined in the caverns. After the close of the War the State established the mine as a permanent prison. A palisade was built, inclosing half an acre, with the shaft of the mine near the centre of the inclosure, and twelve years later this palisade was replaced by a high stone wall. A brick guard-house was built in the center, and just to the rear of this was a stone apartment directly over the main shaft, leading to the caverns 100 feet below. At later dates workshops were erected, in which the convicts labored by day, and at night were driven by armed guards down the shaft ladders to their miserable beds below, in pitchy darkness, dampness, and foul odors.

A visitor in 1807 gave an interesting account of the wretchedness of life in the prison. The employment consisted in making nails, barrels, shoes, and wagons, and farming on land near the prison. When the convicts came up from the shaft, by threes they crossed the yard to the workshop, before the cocked and leveled muskets of the guards. All were heavily ironed, both with handcuffs and fetters, and could walk only with a sort of hopping motion. On entering the shop collars, dependent by iron chains from the beams above, were fastened about their necks; others were chained to wheelbarrows. In distributing the pork for the dinner of the convicts employed at the forges, pieces were thrown on the floor and left to be washed and boiled in the water-trough used for cooling the iron. Punishments were hanging by the heels, severe flogging, confinement in the stocks on a bread-and-water diet, double irons, and solitary confinement. Convicts were allowed to swap rations for cider, and often got too tipsy for work. Rum was bought by the gallon by an aged negro convict, who was allowed to go to the village, and liquor could always be bought at a tavern near the prison, the convict being accompanied by a guard, whom he treated for his trouble.

"OLD NEWGATE" AT PRESENT.

The Tribune correspondent visited Old Newgate recently, and found everything fast going to ruin. It is on the east slope of Copper Hill, approached by an easy roadway, and from a distance, with its towered building, dismantled walls, and broken roofs, is as picturesque as a ruined castle of the Rhine. The lofty stone wall on the front abuts on the highway, and the entrance is through a massive stone gateway the keystone of which bears the inscription, "Newgate 1801." The visitor is at liberty to wander around the inclosure, but at the time of my visit a "Halloo there!" summoned a guide from the ancient guard-house, on whose step a towheaded boy or two rolled around in the sunshine. A few steps bring one to the first shaft, descending 100 feet into the caverns. Over its mouth are the weather-beaten remains of the windlass and rope used for hoisting ore years and years ago. The inclosure is nearly square and off to the left hand is a long range of the dilapidated workshops. The roofs are warped and shrunken, and in places broken through. Within is dust and confusion. The plastering has fallen from walls and ceiling, and upon patches remaining are scrawled the names of visitors. The solidity of construction is noticeable. The partition walls are of stone, and the floor is planked and supported by huge hewn logs. In some of the upright beams strengthening the floor remain the rings to which the prisoners were chained, and the flooring beneath is worn with their impatient tread. At the entrance end of the range of workshops is a high building of composite construction of brick and stone surrounded by a lookout and bell tower. This commands a view of the roadways for miles, and the bell often notified to the residents of the valley below the escape of convicts, and sent them from their houses to scour the woods and fields in pursuit. From the lower floor of this building, steps lead to an underground dungeon with small, heavily barred windows, in which a few of the best disposed prisoners spent their nights instead of being driven like dogs to the caverns of the mines. On the other side of the inclosure, is a building containing the remains of a tread-mill, where convicts wearily trod the boards of a thirty-foot wheel and ground the corn for the farmers in the neighborhood.

FAREWELL TO SUNLIGHT.

The prison inclosure was the heaven of the convicts; the caverns below their hell. At daylight the call to labor resounded through the passage of the mine, and the convicts, hastening to the shaft, climbed up the long ladder to the guard-house. Only three came up at a time, and then the trap was slammed down upon the others until the armed guard had marched the trio off to the work-shop. To have permitted a general exodus meant insurrection and bloodshed, for men treated like brutes were nerved to desperate deeds, and only awaited their opportunity. Work being suspended at sunset, the prisoners were again sent down the shaft, the massive trap-door was closed and bolted and armed guards sat beside it through the night.

Accompanied by the guide, your correspondent made an extensive exploration of the caverns. Coarse outer clothing and candles were furnished, and the shaft was descended by the ponderous ladder whose rungs are half worn through by convict feet. At the foot was a narrow passage-way sloping away downward at an angle of 30 degrees, agreeing with the natural din of the strata of rock. Fifty feet away a rude chamber is hollowed out, and at one side were remnants of

a platform of planks, which had been one of the sleeping places of the convicts. From this chamber small passages branched off in various directions, all with a downward slope, and so low that it was necessary to proceed in a half-bent attitude to escape contact with the dripping and slimy roof. Traces of copper were everywhere visible—in the green slime on the solid walls and in the discolored fragments of stone underfoot. Several of the larger passages were explored for a distance of 300 feet, progress being checked by the filling of the lower ends with water from insufficient drainage. At that point the guide remarked: "BLOW OUT THE CANDLES IF YOU WANT A QUEER SENSATION."

Out they went, and we were left in the blackness of Egypt. The darkness could almost be felt, and was terribly oppressive. Over head 300 feet of solid rock was between us and daylight. The hand stretched out at either side touched slimy, cold, pitiless stone. Sound there was none other than that of suppressed breathing and the occasional fall of a drop of water from the roof. The scratching of a match was the first relief, and the feeble gleam of the tallow dip a blessed sensation of which we did not again wish to deprive ourselves.

One of the shortest passages terminated in a circular chamber, scarce ten feet across, and at one side a huge iron ring was made fast to the solid floor of rock. This was the solitary confinement cell. Chained to the ring not a sound was heard, not a ray of light visible, nor a face excepting when the keeper brought the pannikin of bread. Near the ring a cavity the size of a drinking-cup, scooped in the rock, is filled with water which trickles, drop by drop, from the rock overhead. Thus it fell a century ago, when some wretched being hammered at the solid rock with fragments of stone until he wore this cavity, and thereafter had fresh cool water by the quantity, instead of lapping it with his tongue as it trickled down the side of his dungeon. It is related that one convict died in this horrible place from mortification resulting from the iron manacles eating into his legs. This was always denied by the prison authorities, but convicts in the prison at that time, and who were cognizant of the affair, persist that the story is true.

HALF THE HORRORS OF THE PLACE

have never been told. The authorities were autocrats, amenable to no one. Starvation, the lash and chains had full sway in those terrible caverns, and so secret and so distant were the chambers of torture that might be chosen, that even the other convicts might never know by sight or sound the inhumanities that were practiced.

The guide was an unusually intelligent fellow, and, in the course of our wanderings through the caverns, related a host of interesting incidents in the history of the prison. To him the solitude and darkness were not unpleasant, and formed an impressive surrounding for his facts and fictions. But the visitors longed for daylight, and ascending the steep ladder, welcomed the blue sky, the trees, and all nature, as only one can who has felt their deprivation. Beneath, the impenetrable vastness supporting the awful mass above, impending as if to crush, one to atoms, the water trickling like tears from its sides, and the unearthly echoes responding to the voice, inspire the visitor with feelings almost indescribable.

PLOTS AND ESCAPES.

The history of old Newgate is replete with interesting stories of the attempts of prisoners to gain their liberty. Some of them are of thrilling interest. It might be supposed that escapes would be impossible, but sharp-witted and desperate convicts frequently succeeded. The first general escape was during the Revolutionary War, when the prison had been but recently occupied. The small number of prisoners were shut in a chamber, and it was the custom of the Warden to carry them their meals. There was an anteroom or passage through which to pass before reaching their cell, and the Warden looked through the grates into this passage to observe, whether the convicts were near the door. If not he entered and locked it after him. The convicts one day managed to unbar the cell-door, huddled themselves together in a corner behind the door in the passage, and, when the Warden opened it, they captured him, went out, locked the door upon him, and in a few minutes were beyond the walls. However, an alarm was speedily raised, and nearly all were recaptured by the people in the adjacent country. It was somewhat singular the first convict in "Old Newgate" escaped. He was committed in December, 1773, and escaped eighteen days later by being drawn up by the mining shaft assisted, it is said, by a woman to whom he was paying his addresses.

A level had been opened during the mining operations from the bottom of the mine out to the open air on the hill-side for purposes of drainage. This was closed by a heavy wooden door, and in the spring of 1776 the prisoners built a fire against this one night, but, instead of escaping, were nearly suffocated by the smoke that spread through the caverns. One was found dead, and five others were taken out senseless. A few months later the convicts were taken from the caverns and confined in a block house within the inclosure. This they set on fire, and nearly all escaped. The spring of 1781 found in confinement thirty Tories committed by order of the American army officers. They were desperate men, and for their greater security a guard was appointed equaling them in number. While two of the guards were admitting a relative of one of the Tories to the shaft leading into the caverns, several who had climbed up the ladder made a rush when the trap was opened. The guards were overpowered, and the other

prisoners rushed up, and, seizing the muskets in the guard house, had a desperate fight. Several of the guards were locked up in the caverns, and others fled for their lives.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

In July, 1802, forty prisoners were left with but a single guard, the officers and other guards being sick. He was a stalwart six footer and full of fight. The prisoners were passing through the guard-house down into the shaft at the close of work, and had all passed down on the ladder excepting ten or a dozen. They sprang upon the guard who, instead of retreating, dashed in among them and dealing with one at a time, flung him headlong down the shaft upon those who had now begun to surge upward to join their comrades. The uproar summoned assistance from beyond the walls; but the guard was master of the situation, had caged his rats, and closed the door. Four years later the convicts in the nail-shop, having unlocked the fetters which they wore even at work with keys made from the pewter buttons on their clothing, attacked the guards, but a musket-ball through the head of the ringleader quelled the mutiny in short order. One convict succeeded in a most ingenious plan for escaping. A fellow-convict's body was removed from a coffin and secreted. Then the daring fellow stretched himself in the coffin, and, on reaching the place of burial beyond the walls put the guards to flight by a series of sepulchral groans. He was never recaptured.

AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.

The drain above mentioned, the door of which the convicts attempted to destroy by fire, eventually afforded a way to liberty for several prisoners. The outer end was left unprotected, but the inner was closed with heavy iron bars. One of these was removed by a convict, and, after nights of weary toil in enlarging the partly-choked and unused drain he found himself near the outer office. When at labor one night far within the drain he gave himself up for lost. A stone overhead which he had loosened fell into the drain behind him. This closed the passage to his return, while the way forward was impracticable. A lingering horrible death by starvation stared him in the face, but, a lucky impulse, he kicked desperately at the stone and found that it could be moved. By superhuman efforts, continued through long hours, he worked, the great stone backward until it reached a wider place in the drain, where he passed around it and rejoined his comrades. A few nights later a dozen or more made their way to liberty through this dangerous passage and the plucky fellow who had cleared the road for them escaped recapture and reached England. A story is told of another prisoner who, some years later, while attempting a similar enterprise, became wedged in the drain and died there, but this is not supported by the prison records. It is merely a neighborhood story, and tells that the prisoner, a thin, wiry chap, reached and became fixed in a space so narrow that no one could get near him, and that the drain was clogged until his body decomposed and passed away.

Many other stories, some of them highly improbable, are related to visitors. And they have their value, in one respect at least, that they keep up the interest in Newgate and its history. It is daily visited by parties from an area of many miles in the vicinity, and occasional tourists from New York and Boston. In historical interest it is scarcely second to any other place in New England, and especially as it remains in very much the same condition as it was when occupied for prison purposes, more than half a century ago. Within the past few years some attempts were made to develop the mine but the results were unprofitable, and it is doubtful that it will ever be worked again.

Six Miles to School.

One of Dickens' characters, Mark Tapley, was noted for being jolly under difficulties. How many school-boys would imitate the remarkable Mark and be jolly if they had to walk six miles to school and back every day? Yet Sir Titus Salt, the founder of the model manufacturing town, Saltaire, used to do it when a boy of 9 years.

The village in which this young Salt lived could boast of no better educator than a woman who kept a dame school. As the parents of a number of boys wished to give them a classical and commercial education, they sent their sons to a school six miles distant, kept by a clergyman.

The boys started early in the morning, carrying their dinners with them, Titus' being an oatmeal cake and a kettle of milk. In winter he often had to go in the dark mornings and milk the cow himself for his daily supply. But the lads never thought of complaining of the length of the journey. It was a bracing "constitutional" and they made the road ring with their cheery voices. They would rendezvous at an appointed time and a certain spot. Those who were in time wrote their names on a piece of slate. This was put in a well-known hole in a wall, that the late-comers might see who had been punctual and gone on their way. So far from doing them any harm, this daily journey strengthened the boys' constitutions and developed their bodies. When Titus became a man he had a working-power which enabled him to do a large amount of labor with but slight fatigue.

The destruction of crops by squirrels is not confined to California. The loss of corn in Overton county, Tennessee from this cause last season was estimated at one-tenth of the crop. One farmer reported that they were "swimming across the Cumberland by thousands." The

equilibrium between these lower links in the chain of animal life is seriously disturbed by man's arbitrary interference with the natural course of production, and he must pay the penalty or modify it if he can.

AT NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM "VISTE OLIVIER." At night, when work is done, 'mid shadows gray that darker And cling about the window, where once the sun was bright, Sweet sounds come back again to which we used to hearken

At night!

At night, though we are cold, and the gray shadows cling Presage to us that shore where there is more light, Sometimes there come again sweet airs of childhood singing,

At night!

At night we two may sit in shadow open-hearted; Long since the time is passed when hope was in sight! Softly we sing the songs of happy days departed,

At night!

At night the cricket's voice sounds through the shadows dreary: Our songs, alas, like his, have neither charm nor weight; We only rest and sing, hushed hopes and voices weary,

At night!

LITTLE RED NOSES.

BY M. QUAD.

How the north wind whistled and stung the other day! It was the first signal of a long, dreary winter, and even men in overcoats turned sharp corners to get out of the biting blast. Two children, a boy and girl, neither of them over nine years old, stood shivering in a door-way, wishing to go on to their lowly home, but dreading the wind. They crept closer and closer to each other, and their chins quivered and their noses grew red as they grew colder. Hundreds of men and women passed by without care, but by-and-by along came a whistling, jovial lad of fourteen, who was swinging his bootblack's kit by a strap, and picking up the steps of some clog dance. He saw the shivering bits of humanity, while others were blind, and, halting before them with a "clig-jigger-rigger" of his heels, and a toss of his box, he called out: "Kin I borry them 'ere chins o' yours about an hour?"

"Yes, ma'am demurely replied the girl "I kin eh?—ho! ho! ho! That's a give-away on me! Be you chickens cold?" "Yes, ma'am," she answered. "And that ere cub is your brother, I s'pose? Well, when I'm cold, I git warm. What do you do to—freeze?" "Yes, ma'am, if you please," she replied.

"If I please—ha! ha! ha!—'nother give-away on me! Well, you autumn leaves, come along with me. I hain't got no influence on the weather, but I kin smell a hot stove as fur off as the next shiner in this town. Come right over to this store."

He led the way across the street and into an office where there was a fire. He had placed chairs for them, when a man came in from a back room and said:

"What do you children want here?" "Want some o' this waste hotness," bluntly replied the shiner. "These 'ere cubs is nigh froze to death, and I brought 'em here to thaw out."

"And we won't even look at you, nor cough, nor sneeze!" added the little girl, as she saw a frown on the man's face.

"That's richness; there's innocence!" laughed the shiner; and the man's face cleared, and he poked up the fire and said they could sit nearer.

"S'pose me'n you chip in and buy 'em sumthin' to stay their stomachs?" suggested shiner, all of a sudden. "Tell you what, some of the children in this town don't have a square meal any more'n you'n me wear diamonds. Little gal, are ye hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you won't be mad at us," she replied.

The man stood irresolute, but shiner went down into his pocket, rattled around, and said:

"Here's ten cents that says they are hungry!"

"Well, I'll give as much," replied the man. "You go and buy something, and they can sit here and eat it."

Shiner bought crackers and cheese, and the children ate until he felt obliged to say:

"Now, you cubs, go a leetle bit slow, and save the rest for supper. Kin ye find the way home alone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, then. We're dead to rights obliged to this man, and I'll black his boots beside. You'd better run along home now. What ye goin' to tell yer mother?"

"I'll tell her we came awful near going to Heaven; and my little brother he thanks you, too; and now we'll go, and— and thank you, ma'am, ever so many times—good-bye!"

The man looked after them through the window with softer lines in his face than had been there for months. The boy stood outside on the walk and watched until they had turned a corner, and then exclaimed:

"Phew! but I almost feel that I was ingained to that gal!"

Woman Smokers.

Tobacco has some distinguished female devotees in Europe. Emily Faithful, it is declared, smokes like a Michigan tugboat; the Duchess of Edinburgh takes a quiet puff now and then, and the Princess of Wales keeps a little cigarette case, which she hides profoundly from the smoke-abhorring nose of her royal mother-in-law, while the list might be extended by naming Elizabeth Thompson, the artist, Madame Batuzzi, of Italy, and others.

More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of.—Tennyson.

